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No. 10.

Michaelmas & Lent Terms, 1921.

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The Academite.

Editorial.

MICHAELMAS, 1920.

THE PRINCIPAL.

THE Prize Distribution held in Queen's Hall at the end of the last scholastic year was one unprecedented in the life of the R.A.M. for the past thirty years. Never before has our beloved principal been absent from his post at this particular function in all the years of his principalship.

It was, therefore, with a dampened feeling that we all said good-bye to our Alma Mater in July, hoping that our chief would greet us bright and early at the commencement of Michaelmas Term.

Since then all readers of *The Academite*, old and new alike, will be grieved to hear that Sir Alexander has had to undergo an operation. At the same time our hearts will be lightened in the knowledge that the operation was successfully performed, and that the principal is on the high road to recovery.

The hearts of all Academites are full of sympathetic greetings to Sir Alexander Mackenzie during this period of his convalescence, and our fervent hope and trust is that in a short while he will be once more among us.

LENT, 1921.

A Message from the Principal.

(Addressed to the Editor, R.A.M. Club Magazine.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

A few lines of space will, I feel sure, be granted in the fittest medium through which the members and friends of the Academy can be reached by one who keenly desires to send a grateful message to them.

For the many expressions of good-will and kind sympathy conveyed to me, in words and actions, during an enforced and prolonged withdrawal from work, I take this earliest opportunity of offering my sincere and deeply-felt thanks.

A. C. MACKENZIE.

A Journey Across the Atlantic.

APON learning that I should be returning to the R.A.M., it occurred to me to write an article for the delectation, or otherwise, of *Academy* subscribers on Music in America.

This, to my great regret, I am unable to do on account of the fact that there is a greater recess between concert seasons in America than is the case here; and the short time I spent overseas was in the midst of the summer period, when not only concert halls, but even all theatres, were closed. From this you will see that I did not have many opportunities of hearing concerts, operatic performances, or recitals of any magnitude. Perhaps I may interest a few readers, however, by giving a brief sketch of my journey across and back.

Not being certain of returning immediately to Europe, I went over to Paris a few days before the Imperator left Southampton for New York. It was worth the trip to Paris alone to visit the Grand Théâtre Nationale, a truly wonderful building, where I had the pleasure of listening to a performance of "Samson and Delilah," followed, of course, by the inevitable "Ballet." What impressed me most, after the wonderful Opera House structure, was the precision of technique in the Orchestra, the artistry of the scenic effect, the natural histrionic ability of the actors, and the sympathetic ensemble of the whole. The foregoing points were observed, but, perhaps, in a lesser degree, at L'Opéra Comique.

R.M.S. Imperator left Southampton July 31st, and after calling at Cherbourg in the afternoon of the same day, arrived in New York harbour early in the morning of the 8th of August.

The music aboard ship was furnished by the Ship's Orchestra, which gave three concerts a day, during luncheon, tea, and dinner. This band would also play for the dance in the evening.

The concert given aboard ship was very feeble. Madame Galli Curci, a Metropolitan star, known throughout the length and breadth of America, was a passenger, but did not take part in the programme. Other distinguished passengers included Viscount and Viscountess Maitland, Vincent Astor, Mrs. Vanderbilt and her daughters, W. T. Tilden, the Tennis Champion, and members of the Davis Cup Team.

After a stay of a week in New York, I visited friends in Boston, Mass. Here, as in New York, there was nothing in the musical world stirring. Nevertheless, there were announcements of the "Pops" (similar to the "Proms"), to be given at Symphony Hall sometime in September. It was quite a coincidence that I should run across Tilden and the Davis Cup Team of Tennis players in Boston, where they were playing matches for the Championship of the United States, the curious point being that, although Tilden, by his successes in London, was the Champion of the World, he did not actually hold the title to the Championship of the U.S.A.

From Boston, returning through New York, I next visited Washington, and on through to Charleston in South Carolina.

It was no other than the great composer, Antonin Dvůřák, who said that the only national music America has consists of the Negro Folk Music, which the master himself used so effectively and tellingly in his wonderful symphony No. 5 in E minor and his quartette, both works standing as monumental testimonials to the truth of his observations (made during his sojourn in America as principal of the National Conservatoire of Music). It is, therefore, but natural that I should comment upon the remarkable progress the coloured population of America has made, and is still making, in the realms of Art, as in all other phases of life. This, in spite of the disadvantages to which people of colour are subjected in various forms and degrees throughout the world—and more especially is it so, unfortunately, in English-speaking countries. I had a good opportunity of observing this

progress of which I speak in that, on my way back from Charleston, I visited Columbia, Greenville (both cities in the state of South Carolina), Atlanta (in Georgia), and Baltimore (in Maryland). From these places, along with New York and Boston, I was enabled to get a good idea as to what was going on generally throughout the States.

The return voyage aboard R.M.S. Aquitania proved quite interesting musically. One of the most delightful moments aboard ship was when the Ship's Orchestra gave a splendid reading of Mozart's Symphony in G minor.

The concert in aid of the Seamen's Orphanage, which is given on every liner crossing the Atlantic, was a trifle more interesting on this occasion than that given on the way out. A number of Rhodes Scholars from Harvard, on their way to Oxford, were aboard ship, and some of them appeared on the programme.

Miss Alice Lloyd, of Variety fame, was also a passenger, so you will not be wrong in concluding that the programme given on the Aquitania was quite of the Music Hall brand, my contribution of a pianoforte solo of my own composition, with a short piece of Debussy's as an encore, being the only items of an aspiringly classical nature on the entire programme.

Limitation of space precludes my giving in detail the nature of a highly interesting smoking concert, at which all the performers were induced by acclamation to render a number of their own choice.

In due course Southampton was reached after making the journey from New York in six days, and from there to London completed a journey of about ten thousand miles.

E. T. J.

Of Music.

Richard Hooker (1554—1600).



TOUCHING Music Harmony, whether by Instrument or by Voice, it being but of high or low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most Divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the Soul it self by Nature is, or hath in it Harmony. A thing which delighteth all Ages, and becometh all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which Musick hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all Passions, whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to imitate them, that whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In Harmony, the very Image and Character, even, of Vertue and Vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their Resemblances, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which causes there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of Harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, in as much as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind: one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections: There is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity, there is also that carrieth as it were into ecstasies, filling the mind with an heavenly joy, and for the time, in a manner, severing it from the body.

A Ballad of Clothes (1920.)

Oh, I've forgotten who he was, but many terms ago
There was a chap among us who created quite a show.
Never in all his student days had he been seen to bear
A coat and trousers that were like in colour, age, or wear.

One day, among the "females" here, there ran a tittered whisper,
"Have you seen *it* . . . no, *him*, I mean? You haven't? Well I
never!"

"What is it? Tell me quick!" Look there, just isn't he too cute?"
"Oh, what a scream, it isn't true! Blank's got a brand new suit!"

"Males" sympathised and called the girls a very catty lot;
But time has taken his revenge for this ungallant thought:
The price of clothes! . . . the price of clothes has risen from that
day!

And few of us can scrape or grind the wherewithal to pay.

We all *must* have an evening suit because our work requires it,
But such a drain on our resource is it that none desires it.
Our "morning dress" meantime becomes fit subject for despair,
A faithful raiment four years old receives solicitous care.

Oh anxious now is Simpkin's life, he dreads to lose his creases;
His terrors now are of his clothes the premature deceases.
Upon the hard, hard organ seat, we dare not slide about;
We always keep quite still for fear we wear our trousers out.
And so we oft our colours mix: light trousers with dark uppers.
'Tis kindness thus to spare a piece that rips and splits and suffers.

But, boys, if finally comes the day when you your wealth invest,
The sudden shock would be too great, to see you Sunday-dressed.
Wear first the coat and then the vest, and sport the trousers last;
Perambulate the streets awhile when rain is falling fast.

And then it shan't be said of you with many pretty oaths:

"He's sold some shares, he's robbed a bank,
He's got a whole new suit of clothes!"

R. E. C.

The Dalcroze Holiday Course at Geneva.

ACCORDING to custom, M. Jaques Dalcroze held a Holiday Course at his headquarters in Geneva in August this year. Contrary to custom, however, I was present, and some of my experiences may possibly interest, if not amuse, *Academite* readers. Like Matilda's aunt (who tried to believe Matilda's "dreadful lies"), "The effort very nearly killed her." Very nearly, but not quite, for I live not only to tell the tale, but to bless the day that I decided to go.

Circumstances were not exactly encouraging at first, for the journey, that should have taken just one hour more than the twenty-four, lasted for nearer forty-eight, and a wearier, more dilapidated, sore-eyed and grubby party than the little band of seven who arrived at a Geneva Pension at midnight, was never seen or imagined. We will draw a veil over that journey. . . .

We arrived at midnight—our Course was to begin at 9.15 on the following morning. For my part, that time saw me peacefully sleeping, though the others “rose” to the occasion manfully and struggled down to the *Institut*. It was in the afternoon, however, that I and the other R.A.M. student who was sleeping with me, made our first trepidant appearance at a Rhythmic Class. We were very frightened—and the knowledge that our friends, who were all experienced Dalcrozists, were looking on at our—the “beginners’”—class, did not help matters. However, at that early stage, no one was at all conspicuous, and so we were let down lightly, but, for my part, I felt very small indeed in those Rhythmic Classes before the Course was over.

After the first day, our programme was as follows:—9.15-10, and 10.15-11, Rhythmic Classes, Groups A and B, taken by M. Dalcroze (one was expected to watch the class in which one did not take part). A hasty change was followed by Solfège (Aural Training), from 11.15-12. That finished the morning, and we returned at 4.30 for Improvisation.

The Solfège Classes were rather a joy—we felt that here we could face the world unshrinkingly, for was this not, as musicians, our own job? So we all stalked into the Advanced Class and manfully tried to hold our own there. Some of the exercises were rather fiendish, and the aural powers of some of the Swiss students almost uncanny (other people who can hear more than oneself always seem uncanny!). In particular, they excelled at reading at sight (with pitch-names), the most appalling and unsingable melodies that the wit of M. Jaques or M. Boepple could devise. For our comfort, however, be it remembered that these were finished Dalcroze students, and the Dalcroze Course includes far more of Solfège than the one-hour-weekly allotted the subject by most English Schools and Conservatoires. Still, there were some splendid “ears” in that class.

The Improvisation Classes were interesting—so is a dentist’s apparatus; they were even amusing at times—an early Christian on his way to martyrdom might have laughed, I suppose, if he had seen anything really funny; but oh, they were horribly alarming . . . You know that sinking feeling that gets worse and worse as you sit outside Room 33 or Room 11 in Exam. Week. You watch victim after victim, knowing your turn must come soon, while your heart jumps about in the most erratic fashion, your knees tremble, and your breathing apparatus will not work as it should. Even so did we hapless ones feel during “A Improv.” Only it was worse; you never knew when your turn would come; more awful still, you never knew what you would have to do, so that there was no possibility of being prepared. You might be called upon to improvise on a given rhythm (some alarming thing in 5 or 7 time or perhaps with unequal beats); or you might have to phrase your rhythm on a given plan, or “stuff it full of plums,” that is, pathetic accents, at given places. Or you might merely have to follow the curves of a student’s arm-movements, which were to represent the melodic line of your improvisation; or to follow a conductor, changing time, tempo, dynamic force, phrasing, accent, etc., as he indicated. All these and worse atrocities would be inflicted on you, with charming smiles, by M. Jaques or M. Boepple, his understudy (whose lessons with each group alternated with those of M. Jaques).

But the Rhythmic Classes were the worst. Not that they were not tremendous fun—we enjoyed them, and everything else too, hugely, but, in colloquial language, they *did* make one feel a fool! The “*commencants*” were rather hardly treated sometimes, and made to do things the poor dears were quite unequal to, but genial M. Jaques always followed such exercises by something easy or jolly, which made everyone feel happy again.

There is a peculiar joy in a Rhythmic Class. I think it comes partly from the physical freedom one feels "*en tricot*" (i.e., in the Dalcroze costume), and from the sense of space—of expansion—that a large room gives; but chiefly from the rhythmical movement itself, and the collaboration with a whole crowd of people who are all absolutely *with* you.

Besides the daily classes, there were lectures by M. Jaques, generally on Teaching in general and the teaching of Eurhythmics in particular, two or three times a week, and in these, the idealistic and lofty nature of this great man was most clearly revealed. Besides his practical common-sense and sincere artistry, he seemed literally to exude kindness, and was so lovable that one warm-hearted young French lady told me she longed to get up and hug him!

The course only lasted a fortnight, but we got into that time an all-day picnic and two "*soirées musicales*," where various students gave musical and plastic performances, and some contributed original works. At one of these *Soirées*, by the way, five English girls, including your humble servant, made a tremendous hit by singing "Dashing away with the smoothing iron" to a wildly delighted audience, who could not understand one word. Later, in the same evening, two Swiss girls disguised themselves as one elephant, to which M. Jaques gave a Rhythmic lesson.

The last day of all was celebrated in grand style by a dinner, followed by a hilarious impromptu entertainment. Never shall I forget the sight (and sound) of a student, hitherto regarded as rather a serious individual, garbed in his wife's hat and coat, "rendering" Marguerite's Recitative and Jewel Song in an extraordinary squeaky little falsetto, which rose at times to the most ludicrous heights of false emotion. But M. Jaques was, as ever, the master-humourist. He produced four songs, including a "*Chanson Anglaise*," which consisted of a few isolated English words and phrases, one or two names, and a great deal of "imitation English" (just as we sing "imitation Italian" when we are improvising a parody of a *prima donna*).

We were quite sorry to part from the polyglot crowd of fellow-students. They included eleven nationalities; English (13), Swiss, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Russian, American, German (2), Austrian (1). Autograph books and souvenirs were passed round madly during the last few days, addresses were exchanged, and we all parted with fervent hopes of meeting the rest again next year. What we liked about the class was its freedom from "*cliquiness*"—for, though the language difficulties naturally kept the groups more or less separate, everyone was friendly, and we all managed to scrape up some sort of French to get along with. (Incidentally, I never knew how horrible the French language could sound, until I heard it spoken by Spaniards and German-speaking Swiss.)

I wish I had space to describe the more humorous details of our work there; the aspect and actions of some of the dear folk in the Rhythmic Classes; the way M. Jaques used to draw people on the board during *Solfège* Classes, and his quaint unexpected remarks in broken English. ("It is a long time to stay in Tipperary," he murmured once, when a girl who was improvising showed a remarkable fondness for the same key.)

But you are growing restive, oh Reader, and the Editor's frown is deepening into a scowl, and if I do not ring off soon, I shall be cut off by a ruthless "chief."

Just a parting word: if you want a really stimulating, interesting, jolly, amusing holiday, a complete change, and beautiful scenery, go and take the Holiday Course at Geneva next Summer, after which (to paraphrase the advertisement), "you will use no other."

C. C. C.

SOCIAL



NOTES.

Branch "A" of the R.A.M. Club held a Social Meeting on Saturday, October 30th. Dr. Louis N. Wilkinson gave a lecture on "Modern Comedy and Modern Fairy-tale," and the artists were the Misses Dorothy Chalmers and Isabel Gray, and Mr. Frederick Keel.

Madame Agnes Larkcom is making a world tour, visiting en route California, Japan, Hong-Kong, and Australia. During her absence, her class is in charge of Miss Ethel Bilsland.

Miss Isabel Gray has been appointed to the staff of the R.A.M.

Miss Vera Havell and Mr. Reginald Pickering have recently been singing with the West Pier orchestra, Brighton, under Mr. Lyell Tayler.

Mr. Arthur Alexander has been appointed to the staff of the R.C.M.

Miss Edith Abraham has returned to London from New York.

Miss Kitty Bowen is a member of Mrs. Edward Compton's Repertory Company in Nottingham.

Among recently appointed Fellows of the R.A.M. are:—Mrs. Hedwig McEwen, Miss Gwendoline Mason, and Messrs. Benjamin Dale, Harry Farjeon, W. H. Reed, and William Wallace. For the list of those who have been recently made Associates, readers are referred to the R.A.M. Club Magazine.

The following students have appeared at the Palladium National Sunday League concerts:—the Misses May Blyth, Olga Carmine, Mollie Halse, and Alice Wright.

Recitals have been given recently by the following students and ex-students:—the Misses Lina Collins, Dorothy Chalmers, Florence Lockwood, Katie Goldsmith, Laurie O'beirne, and Kathleen Lévi, Jessie Bristol and Isabel Gray, Mary Ramsey and Elizabeth Lindesay.

A successful Social was held by Welsh University Students at University Club Hall. The programme was provided by a number of Welsh students from the R.A.M.

Since our last issue the following marriages have come to our notice:—Miss Marjorie Perkins to Mr. George Thomson; Miss Thelma Howarth to Captain Basil Machin; Miss Sylvia Mitchell to Mr. E. W. Wemyss; Miss Evelyn Cooke to Mr. A. H. Waters; Miss Elinore Chapman to Captain T. A. Ambrose; and Miss Enid Carrell to Mr. John Cokkinjs.

Sensations of a New Student.

I remember, I remember
 The day when first I came,
 The lonely feeling that I had
 When there I gave my name;
 The many rooms and corridors
 That met my staring eye;
 And then it was I said, "Ye Gods,
 Why ever did I try?"

I remember, I remember
 When first I stayed to lunch,
 Where round about the counter fought
 Those who had come to "munch";
 A voice within me "Courage," cried
 "You, too, must fight for food,"
 With that, into the fray I rushed,
 And left, in happier mood.

I remember, I remember
 My first Sight-Singing hour,
 When, sitting there with Mr. Read,
 I could do nought but cower;
 I felt, "Suppose he calls me now,
 From out this foremost seat,
 To come and stand before them all
 And to his music beat!"

I remember, I remember
 But, No! I must not stay.
 I now must do my Harmony:
 There is no other way.
 Of my piano lessons
 I feelingly could write;
 Or tell of all my Singing,
 For I sing with all my might!
"A NOVICE."

Matter, Etc.

All students are invited to send in contributions in prose or verse, humorous or serious, Guess Who's, Social Notes, etc. MSS. should be addressed to E. T. Jenkins, Editor of *The Academite*, or to one of the Staff; and may be handed in *at any time*. One side only of the paper should be written on, and much labour is saved where contributions are typed. If desired, contributions will be published under a pseudonym (though a signature is greatly preferred), but all articles, etc., *must* be accompanied by the writer's name, whether this is for publication or not.

N.B.—THE MORE MATTER THE EDITORS HAVE IN HAND,
 THE EARLIER CAN *THE ACADEMITE* BE PUBLISHED
 EACH TERM.

Queue Delights.



Who would enjoy the pleasures of a variety entertainment by London performers—each one an artist in his own line—for the sum of whatever he likes to give (or nothing), has only to take up his stand outside any theatre about an hour before the doors open, and he may be assured he will not be disappointed. To be sure, for this show seats are not provided, and “Standing-room only” is ever the cry, but then the performance is unique, the price nominal, and the performers absolutely unrestricted by stage conventions. Moreover, the performers are not only *before* but all *around* one, and there need be no wait between the “turns,” a continuous undercurrent of entertainment being provided for the thoughtful observer by the rest of the queue.

You arrive, and meekly taking the hindmost place, prepare for a long wait. The first thing that catches your attention is the furtive love-making going on just in front of you—courtship by whisper and murmur, furtive squeeze and smothered giggle—very subtle art. Almost at once, however, the first “turn” proper comes along—a shabby blind singer who sings in a quavery cracked old voice, and is accompanied by a smart young lady who asks you to “remember the blind, please,” in a brisk tone somewhat suggestive of the bygone tube-conductress. As they shamble along the queue, you realise that there have been some more arrivals, and behind you is a quartette of extremely lively girls. Scraps of their conversation (which would seem to be audible for some distance) reveal the fact that Liz and Em seem to share the same “boy,” and Rose (the most high-spirited of the party) would like to assassinate the people in front of her, to gain their places, and is only restrained by Winnie. A fragrant odour of oranges steals on the air, and now a one-legged sailor on crutches comes along, and reveals a wonderfully shiny pink head as he passes his hat round. You feel you really ought to give him something for refraining from making a noise, but already the concertina player has started off, and before he has finished, a not very distant barrel-organ chimes in with a different tune in a different key at a slightly different pitch. You suffer agonies from this “*embarras de richesses*,” but it is over at last. The concertina moves off, and the barrel-organ holds the field. You now begin to observe hurrying folk who come by and scan the ever-growing queue anxiously before submitting to be swallowed up by it. Your lively neighbours (led by Rose) hail some of them in a friendly way, or shout opprobrious remarks at others. And now come the children—three or four ragged dirty little urchins with strong voices, active limbs and the famous London street instrument (made of two spoons, and played something like the bones), who treat you to a mixture of ragtime, shuffle-dancing and jazz. Just, however, as the eldest boy is convulsing his hearers by his rendering of a sentimental song (“I’m sorry I made you cry, dear”), they are all frightened off by a surly commissioner who appears mysteriously from nowhere, and their place is immediately taken by a gentleman who marches in with a very assured air, and proceeds to give you a really clever acrobatic display, which makes your heart thump as you watch.

And so the performance goes on—an unceasing flow of artists who succeed one another with astonishing rapidity, including more singers (mostly blind), a barrel-organ turned by a one-armed man (“One of the old music-hall composers, sir”), an imitator of birds, a fiddler, a penny-whistler, and a “siffleur” (all of whom will “render” the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*); and even two nigger-minstrels, one playing a guitar, the other (dressed in a khaki overcoat

with a deep red collar, and a great many white rosettes on the front, white spats and a tam-o'-shanter) singing, in a harsh, raucous voice. The lively girls keep the crowd around them amused by their sharp *badinage* with all the chocolate, fruit and paper sellers (whose name is Legion); you make friends with a lonely neighbour; follow with interest an animated literary discussion going on just in front of the lovers, in which you long to take part; read a little; decide that each good-looking clean-shaven man who marches boldly up the path (for this leads to the stage-door as well as to the end of the queue) must be one of the principal actors—and so discover the doors are opening, and an hour that might have been tedious has been so pleasantly whiled away that the story of "Hamlet" or "Julius Cæsar" is quite pale by comparison.

C. C. C.

Pantoum.

Bother this exercise—*bother*!
 (Middle C's on the next line);
 Why *did* he make such a pothor—
 I thought my exercise fine.

Middle C's on the *next* line!
 I'll pay him out though, I will then,
 I thought my exercise *fine*—
 Treating his pupils like children!

I'll pay him out though, I *will* then!
 (Notes must be egg-shaped, not round),
 Treating his pupils like *children*—
 Find's fault with this, I'll be bound!

Notes must be egg-shaped, not round.
 Well—p'raps it *might* have been neater—
 Find's fault with this, I'll be bound—
 Might hurt his 'dig' to be sweeter.

Well, *p'raps* it might have been neater,
 Still it was done in the train—
 Might hurt his 'dig' to be sweeter!
 (There is that high F again).

Still it was done in the train—
 I'll tell his sister to *slay* him!
 (There is that high F again),
 Shouldn't I just love to flay him!

I'll tell his sister to slay him
 (There now, that rest's the *wrong way*)
~~Shouldn't—I—just—love—to—flay—him?~~
 (Dash! I've forgotten that A.).

(There now, that rest's the *wrong way*),
 Why did he make such a pothor?
 (Dash! I've forgotten that A!)

Bother this exercise—BOTHER!

"JUDY."

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Show Rooms 2nd Floor.

One minute from ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD & POST OFFICE TUBE.

Bus Routes to door almost—6, 9, 13, 11, 8, 25, 23, 7, 17, etc.

"Je m'en vay chercher un grand Peut-Estre."

Rabelais.

When the autumn leaves are falling
 Crisp and brown,
 Is it 'cause the grass is calling
 "Do come down"?
 When the trawler, sails a'swaying,
 Puts to sea,
 Is it 'cause the waves are saying,
 "Play with me"?
 When the sun is slowly setting
 Crimson red,
 Is it 'cause he knows it's getting
 Time for bed?
 The moon so pale and far away
 Was once a world, so I've heard say;
 And now *this* world is growing old
 And soon must fade, so I am told—
 D'you think we shall be moon beams then
 Instead of boys and girls and men?

I always love the little stars that come out every night,
 They've just popped through the floor of heaven all shining silv'ry
 white.

Why *can't* little boys be good?
 They'd be happier if they could;
 'Tisn't 'cause they do not try,
 Only, somehow, don't know why,
 Something seems to go off click
 'Fore they know, and sharp and slick
 They are bad as bad can be—
 Leastways, it's that way with me!

The sun is always fiery-red,
 I know the reason why!
 He's so annoyed at being left
 Alone up in the sky;
 His anger makes him hot inside,
 Just like my Uncle Ted,
 And that is why his face is always
 Very, very red.

The moon is always very pale,
 And sometimes doesn't show;
 She really is mos' awf'ly scared,
 And that is why, you know.
 She isn't strong, and soon gets tired,
 I think she must be shy,
 She doesn't shine for very long,
 And maybe that is why!

Guess I shouldn't care to be an engine-driver's son,
 'Cos his daddy can't get home till his work is done;
 And my daddy says all night engines have to run—
 Guess I shouldn't care to be an engine-driver's son!

The man in the moon when he's litten the light
 Of each little star, so's we see them all right,
 Lights up the big lamp in the darling old moon,
 And tucks up the sun, so's he'll go to sleep soon.
 But sometimes the stars don't behave as they should,
 For stars—just like boys—cannot always be good,
 And that's when moon isn't silvery white,
 'Cos Mr. Moon Man hasn't litten the light.

"JUDY"



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BROADWOODS **CONDUIT**
STE ♦ **W**

Guess Who !

- GUESS who or what is responsible for a settee being newly introduced into the boys' rest room.
- GUESS who described the room, in its present aspect, as being more like a "home from home" than before.
- GUESS who considers that the atmosphere is really responsible for that feeling.
- GUESS who is considered the wandering violinist.
- GUESS who, having thought that the day of "cliques" at the R.A.M. was over, was annoyed to find that they are as rampant as ever.
- GUESS why the curator advocates the writing of a symphony dedicated to the Tuesday Orchestra on the lines of Haydn's farewell composition of that ilk, but with the difference that it should be the other way round.
- GUESS why a few students prefer to sit at the rear of the balcony at Orchestral rehearsals during the Autumn Term rather than during the Summer Term.
- GUESS who is the fair maid that was referred to as being young but with old ideas.
- GUESS who is the male student that was referred to as being *vice versa*.
- GUESS which party of students is easily becoming prominent by virtue of their hilarity evidenced during the luncheon and tea hours.
- GUESS who were the students who busily powdered their noses (in full view of the audience) before going down to receive their awards at our last Prize-giving.
- GUESS who was described as the "little dark man who sometimes waves the stick at Orchestral Practices."
- GUESS who imperils her life by dangerous constriction round the neck. Is it a case of "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle*"?
- GUESS who is never seen in the R.A.M. without a frown, and whether the latter gets a well deserved rest on Sunday.
- GUESS whose business-like brain found, in an Elements Class, a splendid advertisement for Veritas mantles—"When inverted, remains perfect."



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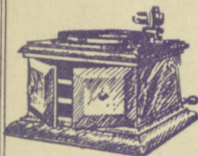
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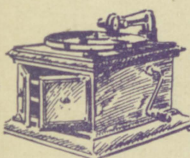
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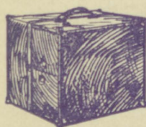
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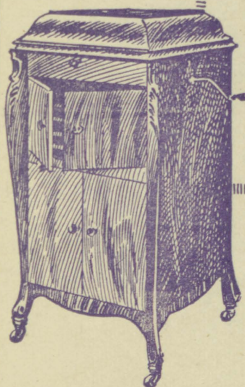
Hornless
Model No. 1.
£7 : 10.



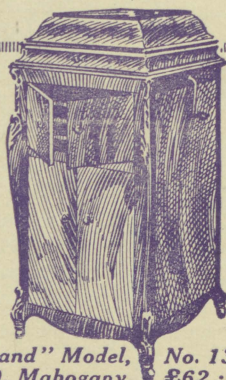
Hornless
Model No. 1a.
£10.



Portable
Model in Oak,
£13 : 10.



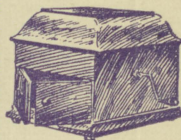
“Grand” Model
No. 12.
£55, Mahogany.
£47 : 10, Oak.



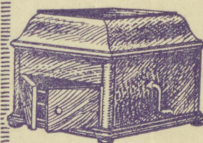
“Grand” Model, No. 13.
£70, Mahogany, £62 : 10, Oak.



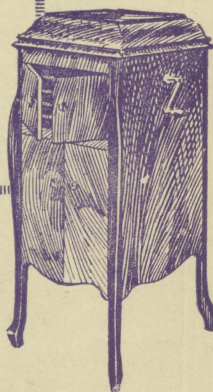
Horn
Model No. 7.
£15.



“Table Grand”
Model No. 6.
£16.

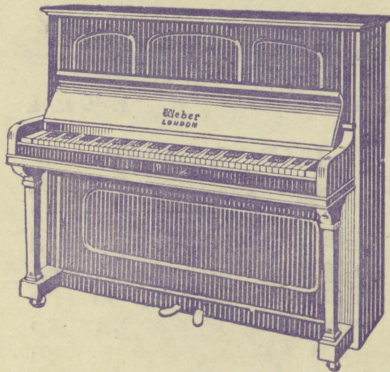


“Table Grand”
Model No. 9.
£25.



“Grand” Model,
No. 10.
£35, Mahogany,
£30, Oak.

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Piano.



Model
"V"

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